

famine and toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. Nothing but death or flight was left him, and almost certain death was the consequence of his attempting to fly. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour, and travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, he at last arrived in Rome. The day of Alcander's arrival, Septimius sat in the forum, to administer justice, and hither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge and expecting to be taken notice of; but so much was he altered by a long succession of hardships, that he passed entirely without notice, and in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending Lictors.

The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another. Night coming on, he next found himself under a necessity for seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags as he was, no one of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger. In short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in

in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, or despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep, and virtue found, on this flinty couch, more ease than a downy pillow can supply to the guilty mind.

It was midnight, when two robbers came to make this cave their retreat, but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in his blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning, and this naturally induced a further inquiry. The alarm was spread, the cave was examined, Alcander was found sleeping and immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life.

He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty, and was determined to make no defence.

Thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. The proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his vindication; the judge therefore, was proceeding

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